

TROTTER AND PACER

Glidewood Becomes Property of Edward Daniels.

GLOOMY WEEK FOR TRAINERS

Dr. Sansbury, Owner of Forestville Race Track, Makes Up Fourth of July Programme—Many First-class Horses Will Be on the Day's Schedule.

This, however, is not strictly true. J. A. Jones sold for Dana Lincoln the pacer gelding Glidewood, 2:16 1/4, to Edward Daniels, of Berwyn, on Wednesday last, alleged price \$600. Mr. Daniels has purchased the sorrel pacer for matinee and general racing purposes, and the consensus of opinion among local horsemen is that he has got a good horse for a reasonable sum of money. Mr. Lincoln purchased the sorrel gelding during the early part of last fall in Philadelphia from the Charles McDermott consignment.

His debut here was made at the opening of the new Speedway, under the tutelage of John O. Green, and he made a favorable impression. At the formal opening of the Speedway for the matinee season of 1910 he won the free-for-all in an impressive manner, since which time he has been used on the road by Mr. Jones, who has had him in charge for Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Connors, of Harpers Ferry, was in town last week in search of a racing prospect. He saw and liked Mr. Louis Hodges' sorrel trotting mare Plexina better than anything he saw, but an offer for her of \$800 on the part of Mr. Connors seemed to have no attraction for Mr. Hodges, as he has a standing offer of \$1,000 from a prominent member of the Drivers and Riders' Association. It is now believed that even an offer of \$1,500 for the handsome mare would not cause Mr. Hodges to part with her.

Few persons are aware that Mr. Hodges has another prospective trotter in a three-year-old gelding owned by him, as he has not been disposed to discuss him for publication. The sire of the youngster is Don Cozine, 2:10, by Gambetta Wilkes, 2:19 1/4, his dam being the noted road mare May T, once owned by Harry Lansdale, and now the property of Mr. Hodges. The gelding is said to be very promising at the trot, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hodges has a right to believe that the youngster will be something out of the common. May T. was bred in Westmoreland county, Va., the birthplace of three Presidents—Washington, Monroe and Madison, the latter having been born at Port Conway while his mother was on a visit to her parents, who resided at that point when the interesting event took place.

Westmoreland is also the county in which all the Lees who took prominent parts in the Revolutionary war were born, with the single exception of "Light Horse Harry," a cousin, who was born at Appomattox in Stafford county. The late Robert E. Lee also first saw the light of day in Westmoreland, in the historic mansion known as "Stratford Hall," which still stands, in quite excellent repair.

May T's granddam was a daughter of the celebrated Lexington, by Boston, and when the war between the States broke out in 1861 was ridden by her then owner, a native of Westmoreland, all the way from Kentucky to that county, where he enlisted in a company of Confederate cavalry. She was continuously ridden in all of Stuart's raids and battles; was at Appomattox when the late Fitzhugh Lee cut his way through the Union lines and escaped scot free with her master on her back. The mare and her owner did not halt until they were back in old Westmoreland again, where she was eventually bred and produced several foals, one being the mother of May T.

Some fifteen years ago or more May T. was purchased in Westmoreland by E. B. Lafferty, of this city, then a distinguished light-harness horseman, and was raced quite successfully by him in spite of the fact that she possessed a good deal of hot blood. Her blood close up. About ten years ago May T. took a record against time over the Brightwood track of 2:30, driven by Thomas Cannon, and could have trotted close to 2:25 on a good track on that day had she been specially prepared for the effort. Soon after her arrival here the mare was purchased at a long price by Harry Lansdale from Mr. Lafferty, who drove her on the road. She was then the property of the bob-tailed, blaze-face Victor Anderson mare, so long a prominent figure on our streets on account of her gamy appearance, and bold, upbeated, and determined way of going, and never attracted quite as much attention as May T. She was a "man's horse" every day she was harnessed, and it is doubtful if any other mare but Mr. Lansdale would have ventured to have held the reins over her. A giant in size and strength, it was a man's work even for him to guide and hold her. May T. is now upward of twenty-three years old, and she is as upbeated and game as ever.

The Victor Anderson mare, with which she is so frequently compared, succumbed three years ago, she falling dead in the traces on Fourteenth street, in Mount Pleasant. She left but one descendant, a bay gelding, now four years old, marked like his mother, and bold, upbeated, and determined way of going, and she is as upbeated and game as ever.

Timothy Dunworth's Gentle John has gone to grass. This is much better than going to the dogs or somewhere else. The long-continued bad weather, with no chance of getting a few races under the black gelding's belt, decided Mr. Dunworth to turn him out for a month, give him a rest and some of nature's food. "Back to nature" is Mr. Dunworth's motto, and many a good horse owned at the Nation's Capital would be a better racing prospect if he was given a like let-up occasionally and turned out to graze.

The week past has cast all the trainers in this half-century into the depths of despair. All that Corbin, at St. Asaph, and Mott, at the Sansbury track, Forestville, have been able to accomplish in the way of training was jogging on the road, and, as a matter of fact, but little of that could be done on account of frequent showers. Sometimes a rainfall is the best thing that can happen to the trainer, especially after a long spell of good weather and when the horses have been pretty thoroughly drilled out and become partly baked inside. The rest and the rain seem to invigorate them as nothing else can.

Dr. Sansbury, owner of the Forestville track, places his card for his Fourth of July meet in the hands of the public today. The doctor has put a good deal of thought, care, and labor into the card and gives the impression that it is the best he has yet conceived. One thing the doctor has decided to do in the future—eliminate matinee races, he deeming them too dangerous for life and limb on a race track. That they are interesting produce the necessary number of thrills that racegoers are always anxious to experience, is admitted, but since the fatal accident at Burke's last Labor Day race track managers have been a bit shy

ARENA BUILDING STOPPED BY GOVERNOR'S ACTION.



Partly constructed grand stands at Eighth and Market street, San Francisco, where it had been planned to hold the Jeffries-Johnson fight. The work on it will probably have to go for nothing.

about admitting them to their tracks. The exact time when the best of Corbin's string will leave for their engagements is not decided. Much rain has interfered with fast work necessary to get horses up to supreme efforts, but it now looks as if all horses intended for the races will be, in the matter of condition, about on a par, as the wet weather has been almost universal.

That very Irish-American citizen, Michael Morris, has had his highly bred two-year-old stallion by Kavalli, 2:07 1/2, in the hands of Corbin for some little time. The youngster has an excellent way of going, is bred right to go fast, and if Corbin is not too busy should be able to make him trot some. W. E. Miller, it is said, has driven his two-year-old Bertini out an eighth in 18 seconds, and it is also said that the youngster is the making of a high-class racing prospect if not killed in advance. It is further alleged that J. C. Mott has driven Trisile, which he recently purchased from Miller, a half over the Sansbury track in 2:15 minutes.

Austin Loftus has turned out Black Patch and D. J. McCarthy now has him at his farm in the suburbs of the city. Andrew Riley has sold his Kinstler filly to a local gentleman. Mr. Riley still retains his Kushan filly and a two-year-old by Kinstler. Gentlemen who have recently visited St. Asaph bring back glowing accounts of the doings of Frank Crox's two-year-old filly by Kushan. They think the little miss is about the most promising young prospect in training at the track.

It is said quite a number of Washingtonians went down on Alma, at the recent meet held at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, with a dull thud. One local gentleman is credited with a loss of \$400, and several others report the loss of various sums. Charles Weaver fortunately escaped his money on Henry Bedworth and is reported to have enough over expenses to start a small private bank. Alma was destroyed last Sunday, as was announced in The Washington Herald. On examination it was discovered that in her struggles to free herself she also fractured two ribs.

Mr. Hillery seems to be marked for clients. A few days before Alma was injured his Reo medium mare was permitted to fall by her groom in a stone-paved Alexandria street and suffered an injury of the shoulder, which has thrown her out of training for a brief period. Mr. Hillery begins to believe that the toboggan of disaster has been especially greased for his personal benefit.

Although Mr. Hillery and Frank Crox are not brothers in blood, nor of Mongolian descent, they are seen so frequently together that they are referred to as the Siamese twins. When one feels a sudden dryness of the throat, the other is suddenly seized with the same complaint; when one grows hungry, the other feels a goneness in the abdominal region, and the only time they ever disagree is when the question of paying the bill arises.

Andrew Riley cannot be properly termed a twin, but if he could have had his way at a certain time of his past existence he certainly would have put in a claim for a chance of becoming a triplet to the noted pair. Andrew is some horseman himself. He may frequently be seen on the public drives behind a good trotter or pacer, and he usually has

two or three of the kind named in his stable, albeit he does not race horses except for fun.

The Speedway during the past week has been better fitted for swimming than for the exercise of horses. Mud, and then more mud, to say nothing about the water lying in pools over the course, has been the order of the day. It was hoped that if the heavens did not let down too much water, to hold a matinee yesterday afternoon, but the hope was a vain one. It will probably be a week before the mud and water disappear sufficiently to venture with a team hitched to a harrow on the course. In the meantime the Riders and Drivers' Association has been quietly snoozing; no signs of a meeting in sight for the purpose of talking over matters and arranging for some one to work the track when the weather and the conditions of the track will permit.

Then, too, there are no outward signs that members have been discussing among themselves candidates for the several vacancies to be filled in about two weeks hence. The chances now are that the matter will be delayed to the very last minute, and the work done in a hurry, when it must be seen by every one that the greatest deliberation is necessary in order to avoid fatal mistakes. A meeting of the association should be called by the Speedway committee no later than the present week to talk over matters and keep alive an interest in the track that now seems to be waning. Some one, too, will in a very short time be compelled to tackle the weeds that have sprung up in the infield of the Speedway. Some of them even now could easily be utilized for fishing poles, walking canes, or bamboo chairs. They certainly do not lack size, whatever else they may lack.

The latest is that Austin Loftus will either buy a trotter soon or go to Ireland, the green isle preferred, unless he decides to take a wife and settle down. Viewed by the light of the experience of some of his friends who have a wife and a trotter also, he thinks a wife will give the least worry. If he decides to visit Ireland he will steer clear of the blarney stone, for he is well stocked in all the qualities the stone is supposed to impart. Michael Morris and his brother John are authorities on the subject as to what Austin will or will not do. And by the same token Michael Morris has nothing on Austin, for he is still a bachelor and has many sins in that direction to be forgiven. He owns a trotter and a pacer and claims that he has no time to devote to a wife. Such an attitude is certainly reprehensible.

Dr. J. N. Sansbury will give three \$100 purses July 4. The first race on the card will be a three-year-old free-for-all, purse \$100, followed by a 2:35 trot and 2:22 pace, purse \$100; a free-for-all, purse \$100, and a 2:30 trot and 2:35 pace, purse \$50, the day's sport to conclude with a running race of half-mile heats, purse \$50. The purses are the best offered in this section for some time and should draw large fields.

The Davidsonville and Brightwood and District line baseball teams will struggle for supremacy on the infield, and will also the Cheltenham and Seat Pleasant teams. Dr. Sansbury expects that the size of the crowd on the festive occasion will only be measured by the capacity of his grounds, and every one who knows the doctor hopes he has not overshot the mark.

HOW I WIN.

By "BABE" ADAMS.
Leading Pitcher of the Pittsburgh Club, Whose Work Against Detroit Won the World's Championship for His Team.

The way to win is to obey orders, watch every instant and put your whole strength and ability into the game. It takes a young pitcher some time to realize that he cannot win by his own skill, and the quicker he discovers that he must have the help of eight other men, and their confidence, and to have confidence in them, the quicker he will learn to pitch.

There is much more to pitching winning baseball than throwing a ball sixty-five feet. I have been asked to tell how I win, and it may sound immodest for a new man to try to tell such things. You say it is for the benefit of young players, so I'll tell some of the things I learned after coming to Pittsburgh. The first thing I found out was that Clarke was boss, and that he knew more about the game than I ever thought was in it.



Babe Adams.

After a few bumpings I learned that I knew a lot more about what to pitch to batters than I did. I think I began to improve as soon as I found out these two things. The next was that I had to have confidence in the team to make it have confidence in me. In baseball words, "I wised up."

Now a pitcher can have all the speed and curves and control in the world and still not be a good pitcher until he gets wise on making them hit bad balls, or balls where the batter does not expect them to be, than in pitching himself out early in a game, trying to strike out hitters. The pitcher must remember that the chances are that the batter is as smart and as experienced as he is, and keep thinking all the time; trying to guess what the batter is thinking, and then pitching something else. It is a big help to a pitcher to look around in a tight situation and see where Clarke, or Leach, or Wagner is playing. A fellow can learn a lot and get a lot of help by taking his cue from them and pitching the ball where they seem to want it pitched. It gives a man confidence, too, to know he can make that batter hit the ball, and that back of him are a crowd of men who will come to the rescue and save him when he needs it. I think Gibson did more to make me a winner than anyone else. He is a great catcher, and he rather inspires a pitcher, and makes him do better. In the world's series against Detroit I made a lot of bad breaks in the first game. Gibson steadied me up and coached me all the way. He had a theory the Detroit team would not hit low curves, and after we began to study them and see how they hit we fed them low curves, fast and slow, just inside and just outside of the plate, but always low, and we beat them with that kind of pitching.

I think the secret of winning is confidence—not only in the other players and in the manager, but in one's self—and confidence in the other makes a fellow confident of his own ability to deliver.

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Ireland Beaten at Polo.
London, June 18.—In a game at polo at Hurlingham to-day, the Old Etonians, who are coming to America to play for the international cup, beat Ireland by 11 to 7. American rules were used.

SCRAPPY BOUT AT BALTIMORE.

Two Washington Aspirants Go to Monumental City.

Baltimore enthusiasts over the "manly art" are congratulating Manager Barrett, of the Armory Athletic Club, on his ability in arranging a couple of fast bouts for the meeting of the club to-morrow night.

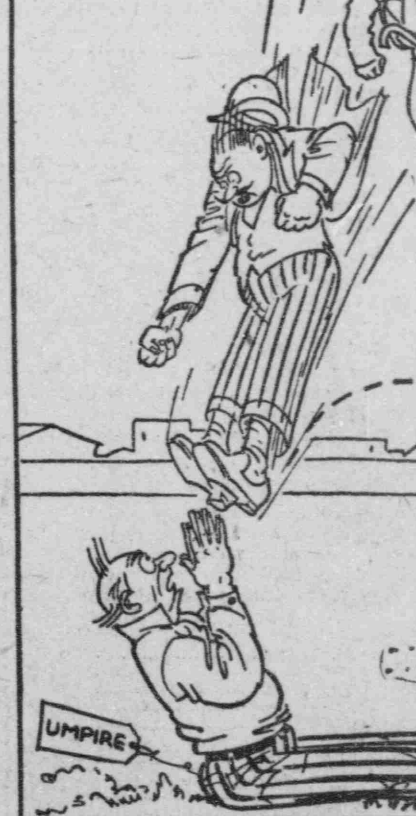
Kid Eagan, well known about this city in sporting circles, affixed his signature last week to a contract to meet Benny Riley, of the Monumental City, for a six-round session, and the match is sure to attract considerable interest. Riley has not been in the game for several months, but a report from this city, credited to Eagan, that the latter would have an easy time if he ever met Riley, caused the latter to again don the mitts. Neither is any slouch at the boxing game, and a fast little whirl is looked for.

Danny Lewis, another Washington lad, meets Kid Lenny, and although both are rather inexperienced in the game, so far as the number of bouts go, the outlook for a scrappy mix-up is good. Lewis has got away with several of the local pugilistic aspirants, and over in Baltimore Lenny is making some of the older ones sit up and take notice.

All the matches will be pulled off on the six-round Philadelphia style, with decisions left to the newspaper bunch present. The Fourth Regiment Armory will be the scene of the bouts.

P. F. O'Connor will act as referee. Following are the different bouts. Washington vs. Baltimore. Kid Eagan, of Washington vs. Benny Riley, of Baltimore; Danny Lewis, of Washington vs. Kid Lenny, of Baltimore; Young Blair, of Washington vs. Frank Hunter, of Baltimore; Hattling Monroe, of Washington vs. Young Kline, of Baltimore; Norman Akers, of Washington vs. Black Bill, of Baltimore.

Washington Giants to Play.
The Washington Giants (professionals) and the Belmont Tigers (semi-professionals) will cross bats to-day at Union League Park. Fifteenth and H streets northeast, and a red-hot contest is expected. Probable line-up of the Tigers: Byrd, left field; Tyler, center field; Hawkins, right field; West, third base; Givens, shortstop; Cook, second base; Ross, first base; Hollin, H. Johnson, or Wright, catcher; Brown, Bowman, or "Tom" Johnson, pitcher. Monday the Tigers cross bats with the Le Drottes; Tuesday, Fort Myer (white); Wednesday, Olympic A. C. (white). To-day's game will be called at 2:30 sharp. Week day games called at 6:15 sharp.



At The Ball Grounds By WALT MASON

I wandered to the ball grounds, Tom, I coughed up at the gate, and took a seat upon the boards just opposite the plate; we had the home boys doped to win, for they were looking well, and all the fans had greased their throats in readiness to yell. The umpire was a pallid freak with jaundice in his eyes, he had his face on sideways and he looked extremely wise; I sized him up as just the sort of skate we used to know, when we were playing baseball, Tom, some twenty years ago. He gave out punk decisions, Tom, he robbed the local team; he took our candy all away, and that's no winter's dream; and so we left the bleachers then, and ambled after him, and pushed him up against the fence and tore him limb from limb. The coroner and all his aides were soon in evidence; they picked the umpire from the trees, and scraped him from the fence. And if you think the world has moved, these facts will surely show, that baseball's much the same, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

NOT "FORM" BUT PRACTICE
MAKE BATTERS--JENNINGS

Leader of Detroit Says It's Not the Way You Stand, But the Way You Land, that Counts.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hughie Jennings, who has piloted the Detroit Tigers to three American League pennants, and who appears to be on the road to the fourth, believes a player knows best how to stand at the plate and swing at a ball. For that reason Hughie doesn't tamper much with the style of his batters.

That doesn't mean that Jennings pays no attention at all to his players as regards their batting—far from any thing like that. He constantly offers suggestions and tips to his players, but as long as his men are meeting the ball squarely he doesn't attempt to alter their position or swing.

"What's the difference how a batter stands at the plate or swings, as long as he hits the ball?" asks Hughie.

When the Tiger team returned to Detroit after the Southern training trip Jennings had three different pictures taken of each player at the bat. One was his position at the start of the swing, another about half way, and the third just as the bat connects with the ball. He gave each player a set of his three pictures. Hughie believes that the photos can give the player a better idea of his style than an explanation from himself. The pictures, along with some suggestions, Hughie believes, enable the players to see the defects, if any, in their work.

Tigers' Batting Form Good.

Jennings stated while here that there were only a few of his players whose form was really bad. Cobb, Crawford, Delehanty, Moriarty, McIntyre, and Stange all bat in a manner pleasing to Jennings. Bush, he said, had about as correct a position at the bat as could be desired.

"I don't believe it's good to tamper with a player's batting position or swing, if he is meeting the ball squarely," stated Jennings to the Post-Dispatch while he was in St. Louis last week. "The players usually develop themselves as batters. They know how they can hit best. Of course, some players need correcting. This fellow Casey and O'Leary, both weak batters, could improve their form."

"Form really counts for little, according to my way of thinking. Take Claude Rossman, for instance. When he joined us several years ago, he had the most awkward, ungainly pose at the bat I ever saw. But on our training trip he began hitting the ball hard and often and I didn't interfere. He still bats the same way. He may not be an imposing

creature at the bat, but as long as he hits it's all right.

Of course, if a player is to a slump or is really a weak hitter, I believe in trying new styles and systems. Maybe he takes his step forward a moment too quick, or maybe too late. Then he may be holding his bat at the wrong angle just when it meets the ball. Maybe if he tries a few changes he will hit on the proper combination and begin to meet the ball squarely. It doesn't necessarily mean that he gets the ball safe, as long as he begins to push it out with force. The hits are almost bound to come later, once he accomplishes that.

"Then another thing that people talk a good deal about is the preliminary position of the batter at the plate. Take George Stone. He has a crouch. It probably doesn't benefit him a bit. But then it may not hurt. But just notice Stone lose the crouch when he swings at the ball. He's a nice batter. He leans forward and meets the ball squarely and is really strengthened up when he swings at the ball, so that preliminary stoop doesn't count for a thing.

"You have probably noticed and wondered why many batters who take a great swing at the ball don't get as many hits as batters who appear to make less effort. I prefer the player who hits the ball on a line.

Line-hitters the Best.

The fellow who swings hard usually gets his extra hits because he lifts the ball over the outfielders' heads. The fellow with the short swing, though, sends the ball out on a line. It travels faster and farther usually than the ball hit following a vicious swing. Then the outfielders can play better for the slugger. They can back up and oftentimes gather in those long flies. But the other batter who sends the ball on a line makes it go with such force that it rolls far after it hits the ground.

"Wallace hits a ball almost as hard as the next fellow. Of course he doesn't always get them safe, but Bobby certainly picks them. Then this Griggs is a nice hitter, too. And don't believe he isn't a good fielder. He acts like Lajoie. He caught my fancy from the way he played my batters for me. "You can't make a batter; it's as much a natural talent as a good voice. But you can help batters by constant coaching. Jesse Burkett was a pitcher once. When he found he could not make good he began to practice batting. He never flagged, never overlooked a suggestion, and gradually corrected his faults. He ended by becoming the most scientific, if not the greatest, hitter of his day."

NEW RULES DON'T SUIT YALE.

Blues Want Old-time Battering in Football.

Yale is knocking the new football rules, and there is a reason. The Eli team, always composed of giants, finds itself governed by rules which put a safety valve on power and a premium on speed and skill. Walter Camp at the football conferences tried as skillfully as any man could, to wedge in a clause which would permit some of the old line battering to aid the Blues to exert her power when she found herself balanced by a foe in speed and agility. According to those who should know what the rules will produce, the new code will give the smaller teams a chance to cope with the larger teams, and if they are faster they may bring sorrow to the high-geared teams which place all their trust in the crushing power of their line back and continued assault on the smaller fellow.

Will Reproduce Nationals' Game.

To-day's National-St. Louis game will be reproduced on the Rodier electric scoreboard at the Columbia Theater, starting at 2:30 o'clock. The electric board which is used to depict the game is the one which has been attracting the attention of thousands of Washington fans since the team left home, and the same one which entertained a capacity house at the Columbia last Sunday.

In addition to the Washington game, the Detroit-Boston and the Chicago-Philadelphia results will be announced as those games progress. The box office at the Columbia Theater will be open at 9 o'clock this morning for the sale of reserved seats. A special invitation has been extended the ladies by the theater management.

FRED CLARKE'S LATEST STUNT

Designs New Sun Cap for Baseball Players.

Josh Devore, of New York Giants, Finds New Lid a Great Help in the Field.

Fred Clarke, manager, captain, and left fielder of the Pittsburgh world's champions, may win fame in the realm of science when his days of usefulness in the world of sport are ended. The Kansas farmer is of an inventive turn of mind, and when he is not playing on the diamond, devotes his spare time to thinking out plans to help his fellowmen, and to add something to the family treasury, which is already well filled.

His first thing in the invention line netted the baseball world a patent canvas covering for the infield, which is guaranteed to make it possible to play every day on which rain is not actually falling at game time. The cover has already been put in use at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, New York, Cincinnati, and several other cities.

Now Fred has something new. It is a cap specially designed for "sun-fielders," those unfortunate mortals who are compelled to field fly balls with O.G. Sol pouring his blinding light right into their eyes.

For years sun-fielders have worn ordinary smoked glasses. It was impossible to see a ball leave the bat with these over the eyes, hence the glasses were worn far down on the nose until the sphere rose in the air, and then the player pushed the glasses up over his eyes. One day Clarke, in making this move, jabbed a finger into one of his eyes, and that set him thinking.

The result is a cap with a long aluminum peak, to which a pair of smoked glasses are fastened with a hinge. There is also a strong spring arrangement, and when not in use the glasses lie up against the peak of the cap in a horizontal position. All that is necessary to make them fall over the eyes is a touch of the finger, and this is far easier than pushing an ordinary pair of glasses from the point of the nose upward.

The glasses have been tried and pronounced a success. When the New York Giants played in Pittsburgh recently the sun-fielder greatly affected the work of Josh Devore, who, up to that time, had been going like a house afire. His batting slumped as his fielding fell off, and finally Manager McGraw purchased for him a pair of Clarke's patent sun-glasses. The little fellow's work picked up in all departments at once.

Want Game at Marshall Hall.

The Seaton Athletic Club would like to arrange with any baseball team in the District averaging seventeen years for a game of ball to take place on the grocers' excursion to Marshall Hall, June 22. Address W. McMahon, 174 Seventh street northwest.

Always the Same.
Tharp's

Berkeley Rye

812 F Street N. W. Phone Nela 1141.
Special Private Delivery.

SANTAL-MIDY

Purifies the Blood
Relieves in 24 Hours
Catarrh of the Bladder
All Druggists Remove of Counterfeits

SANTAL-MIDY

Walt Mason

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FRED NEILSON TO COACH
FOOTBALL AT HILLTOP

Athletic authorities at Georgetown have not officially announced that football will be played at the Hilltop next fall, yet the undergraduates, to a man, understand that no objections will be offered by those in power, and it is known that a tentative schedule has been drafted, and, what is still more important, a coach has been signed.

Fred Neilson, who gave George Washington the best football team in the history of the institution two years ago, is the man who will pilot the destinies of the Hilltoppers next September, and if anybody can round out an eleven able to defeat Virginia, Neilson is that man.

Manager Daley is at present enjoying his vacation and the majority of Georgetown players are out of the city, but it is understood that the football men will report before college opens, and that Coach Neilson, at present living in the West, will be in Washington about the first week in September.

Neilson will likely be assisted by "Bunny" Larkin, the old Georgetown star and the undergraduates, to a man, understand that no objections will be offered by those in power, and it is known that a tentative schedule has been drafted, and, what is still more important, a coach has been signed.

Georgetown's schedule, which is practically complete, is one of the best ever arranged, and a number of new teams will be played, including the University of Pittsburgh, in the Smoky City; Virginia Military Institute, and New York University. The old rivals, Virginia, Washington and Lee, and the University of North Carolina, are also to be met, and there is a possibility that George Washington will Labor Day race track managers have been a bit shy



FRED NEILSON.

a renewal of athletic relations have been held.

Nothing definite will be announced until early next September, but Georgetown is going to have football, and what is more, a corking good team.